

## The Daily Bee.

## OMAHA.

Monday Morning, June 11.

## LOCAL BRIEVITIES.

—Yesterday was a fine day, and no rainfall.

—There was a runaway yesterday on St. Mary's avenue, by one of Homan's teams, and a woman was thrown out of the carriage and badly hurt.

—Mrs. J. F. L. D. Hertzmann was taken down to the asylum for the insane at Lincoln, yesterday, by Deputy Sheriff Crowell. She was accompanied by her husband.

—The round-up by the police yesterday included seven Slovaks, eight teams and one disturbance of the peace. A squad of officers went out at 1 o'clock this morning to look for them.

—The Omaha Maennerchor will go to the Saengerfest at St. Joe this week, accompanied by the Fourth Infantry band of twenty-two pieces. About thirty persons will comprise the delegation.

—A big train came in from the west yesterday afternoon, four coach loads of emigrants being attached behind the Pullman sleepers, making thirteen cars in all. Special car No. 100 also came in on the train.

—The examination of the first class of semi-deaf children who have been taught to hear, will take place at the Nebraska Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, on Thursday, June 14th, 1888. It will be a most interesting event.

—On Saturday two magnificent 87-ton engines for the Southern Pacific, passed through Omaha. They are what is known as the "consolidated engine," and are used principally as "pushers" on the heavy grades. Twenty-five, in all, have been ordered by the S. P.

—Omaha is now furnishing St. Louis with crackers, the Garneau factory having shipped a carload there on Saturday evening. This firm will no doubt send a great many more carloads to that city, where they formerly did business, and their goods are well known.

—The death of Mrs. Alvin Purcell, wife of Mr. J. Purcell, of Ft. Omaha, which was announced on Saturday, will be generally regretted by a large circle of friends. Mrs. Purcell was a highly educated lady, and endowed with unusual business ability, being most popular in the latter capacity.

—Mr. George Maricle, a well known citizen of this place, died yesterday morning, at the age of 57 years. He had been a resident of Omaha for the past twenty-seven years, residing in the south part of the town at the time of his death. He was at one time a member of the city council. The remains were taken to Undertaker Jacob's establishment and in the afternoon were shipped by express to Courtlandville, Courtland county, N. Y.

—The supreme lodge of the C. S. P. S., or Bohemian Benevolent Society, will hold its sessions this week at Milwaukee, Mr. John Kosicky, of this city, attending as a delegate. Ninety lodges, including a membership of 4,500 will be represented. Among the lodges in this state which will send delegates are those of Odell, Wilber, Grete, Platteau, Wahco, Sedler, Pisherville, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

—A syndicate of Chicago and Nebraska railroad men, consisting of A. E. Tonnally, George B. Harris and J. O. Phillips, of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road; the Hon. James Laird, attorney for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and congressman from Nebraska, and Colonel Lewis Cropley, of the Burlington & Missouri River in Nebraska, with headquarters at Lincoln, have just sold one piece of mining property in the San Juan country, Colorado, for \$150,000. These gentlemen have other valuable properties in the Centennial state and the territories of New Mexico, which they propose to develop this season.—Burlington Hawkeye.

—W. E. Smith, pencil pusher, supplementary editor and contracting agent for The Rural Nebraska, has been making frequent visits to Nance county of late, and from authentic sources it is supposed that one of Fullerton's society ladies will soon take up her residence in Omaha, as Smith contemplates a trip to Fullerton in a few days. Matrimony may be the object, and if so this Bee will expect a large cake and a box of cigars, and an addition to Omaha's society of a refined and cultured lady who has long been known as one of Hamilton and Nance county's belles, and who can only congratulate Smith.

—The "Black Flag," with the original company and scenery from the Union Square theatre, New York, will be produced at Boyd's opera house this evening.

—Officer Matza's little daughter, who has been suffering for a long time from a swelling in her back, was relieved by a physician extracting a needle which she had swallowed unknown to her parents.

—A new pump with a capacity of five million gallons in 24 hours, has been received by the waterworks company and is being set up.

—The Women's Christian Temperance Union will give a festival at the Y. M. C. A. rooms on Tuesday evening next.

—The attention of contractors is called to the important "proposals for paving" in today's paper.

## Wide Awake Druggists.

Mr. C. F. Goodman is always in the business, and gives no pains to secure the best of every article in his line. He has secured the agency of the celebrated New Discovery for Consumption. The only cure known for Consumption, Cough, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. Sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free. Regular size \$1.00.

You Bet.

Horticultural.

"It is said that the greatest dream of a gambler is that he will be paralyzed." And one of the times when he is "paralyzed" is when he has \$1,000 on four kings and an ace and the other throws down four aces and a king.

## ROYAL BLOOD.

## Death of a Member of Buffalo Bill's Troupe.

## A Dramatic Scene in a Sioux Teepee.

The Cincinnati News-Journal of Thursday last says: While the band of the Wild West exhibition at the base ball park was playing the musical prelude to that night exhibition yesterday afternoon, gay snatches of waltzes and inspiring strains of martial music, and an eager and joyous crowd was gathered on the benches and in the grand stand, a scene of quite a different character was enacting in one of the Indian teepees on the other side of the grounds. A feature of special interest to the show has been the twin Indian babies, born of a Sioux mother and a white father, John Nelson. They had royal blood in their veins, their mother being the sister of Red Cloud, the famous chief. Both were girls and saw the light only a day or so before the show reached this city. The mother refused to consider herself an invalid, and went about her duties just as if nothing unusual had happened. She took part in the parade around the grounds on Sunday, and the intense heat of the day proved too much for the poor creature, which was weakly from the first. It had been attended by Dr. Beck, and his attention becoming critical, other physicians were called in consultation yesterday, but without avail, as the little stranger closed its eyes forever shortly after noon. The mother (a word of equal significance in Sioux and English) was heart broken, and the father, who takes a prominent part in the performance, was crowned from duty for the day. Undertaker Epply was sent for, and arrived at the tepee about 7 o'clock. It was a strange and even dramatic scene that took place beside that canvas house of mourning. The agony of bereavement comes alike to palace hall and lowliest habitation. The interior of the tepee, with its pole supported walls, in the Indian half light of evening coming through the opening at the top, showed around the sides a sort of drape of blankets and bay, upon which were piled adzes, hammers, axes and other household utensils. Here and there from the roof hung the picturesque Indian garments of the family. On one side sat the mother in the characteristic crouching Indian fashion, her head bowed in an agony of suppressed grief, and at her side lay a little cloth-swathed bundle. Gathered about was a group of sympathetic Indian women, Manager Burke, the undertaker, and press representatives. The father, a frank faced, son tanned frontiersman of fifty, said a few words in Sioux to the mother, evidently an exhortation to bear up bravely—though his own voice was husky with emotion, and the undertaker, sitting in the middle of the circle, placed it in the milked market. The cloth was removed from the tiny, peaceful little face and the coffin was placed at the mother's side that she might view it for the last time. "Has she ever seen one?" asked Mr. Burke of the father indicating the coffin. The father shook his head. Long, but a entire silence, the mother bent above the coffin and kissed the face of her child. It was a pretty face, the small and regular lineaments of a creamy white, over-spread by an ineffable expression of sweetness and peace. Poor little soul of a hated and hunted man, how much of oppression, injustice and wrong in common with her people she has escaped! The mother made no sign when the lid of the coffin was shut and it was taken out and placed in the undertaker's wagon. The eldest child, a boy of perhaps 10, sat outside at the tepee entrance without moving a muscle or evincing the slightest interest in the proceedings. The child will be buried in the Wesleyan cemetery this morning. "The old lady takes it pretty hard, and I don't think she'd better go to the grave," said the father in answer to a question.

John Nelson, the father, whose Sioux name is Che-sha-sha-ma-poo-go, which, translated, means Red Wood. Fill the Pipe, is an interesting character. Born in Charleston, Va., his imagination was early fired by his grandfather's stories of the early Indian wars, and he ran away from home while yet a boy and found his way to an uncle in Missouri. After a brief stay here he went on to California, and there joined Spotted Tail's band, and was adopted into the tribe. He gives a picturesque account of the killing of that noted chief at the Pine Bluff agency a year or so ago. He has had a very wild and eventful life. In 1868 he was pressed into service as a scout by General Augur, and was forced to leave his family and possessions, losing some \$3,500 worth of stock, for which he has never been able to recover anything from the government. At the solicitation of Buffalo Bill he organized the band of Indians who appeared at these exhibitions at the Pae Ridge agency. He is outspoken in his denunciation of the management of D. McQuinn, the Indian agent there, whom he charges with all manner of oppression and knavery in his dealings with both the Indians and the government. He thinks unless Magillouddy is removed, and soon, there will be an uprising of the Indians inaugurating one of the most bloody massacres that has occurred for years.

**Bucklen's Arnica Salve.**

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancer, Piles, Chills, Corns, Sore Throat, Chapped Hands, and all eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance, or money refunded. 25 cents per box. For sale by O. F. Goodman.

**IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE.**

Its Organization at Cronin's Hall Yesterday.

The supplementary meeting of the gathering held at the opera house last week, in the interests of the Irish National League, was held at Cronin's

hall yesterday, Keon's being abandoned on account of the small box case in that building.

A branch society was organized with the following officers: P. J. Murphy, president; Pat Foley, vice president; Mr. Tarpy, secretary; Mr. O'Malley, treasurer.

The meeting was a most enthusiastic one, and \$150 were raised for the Parnell indemnity fund. The new organization starts with every prospect of success.

## LIFE PLANS.

## An Interesting Address by Gen. O. O. Howard,

Delivered at the St. Mary's Avenue Congregational Church.

Yesterday morning General Howard delivered an address at the St. Mary's Avenue Congregational church, on the "Plan of Life," entering into the minutiae of failure and success, until one felt almost willing to allow the general to lay out his campaign and give directions to secure success.

While contemplating the plans of man and the plans of God, there seemed to be an attempt made (but probably unknowingly) to reconcile predestination of God and the free agency of man.

Let any man of intelligence look back over twenty years and he will see defects that mar his career, that will cause him to attribute to himself nothing else than very inferior judgment; and though one's life plans be laid never so perfectly, there will be a time when the wrong side of the garment will be shown—when he looks upon the past instead of the future, and he will have wasted his time.

Two earnest Christians, William Wilberforce, at fifty, said: "How eventful has my life been; I can trace the hand of God leading me in a way I knew not."

And when the plan of man is followed with great persistency, in opposition to the plan of God, does he not at last see, in reference to his own plan, how defective it was. The mother of Joseph had a plan for her son, and at last, when the many changes and circumstances had almost caused him to despair, he attained the same of God's plan. The beloved son, and hated brother, Joseph looked forth toward the gilded palaces of prosperity and the path to these palaces he saw with imaginary flowers. But, as he is lowered into the pit by his jealous brothers he sees the right of the plan of God.

Accidentally a shepherd boy came from the field where he had been tending his father's flock, and while at the tent of his father, he announced that by a prophet and the prophet had no fear of the Lord nor executing his plan, but David had had thought at many periods he had lost his way, but his royal prospects were a very meagre one.

A boy may attempt to follow the plans of his father. He may become strongly attached to the farm, and endeavor to learn the art of cultivation. There may be a death that will frustrate the plan of that youth, and an academic education is offered to him which he accepts. He then studies law or accountancy, being more consistent with his wishes. He is then converted and feels that he is called to the ministry. The war then calls for many a home the only promise of success and probability of support. And thus we see the plans of man successful to such a small degree that they may be pronounced a failure by man, while the plans of God are perfectly carried out. Then should we not marvel at the success of the plan of God? He is the author of our lives, and he is the author of our salvation. He is the author of our redemption. He is the author of our glorification. He is the author of our eternal life. He is the author of our eternal glory. He is the author of our eternal happiness. He is the author of our eternal peace. He is the author of our eternal joy. He is the author of our eternal love. He is the author of our eternal friendship. He is the author of our eternal communion. He is the author of our eternal fellowship. He is the author of our eternal unity. He is the author of our eternal harmony. He is the author of our eternal concord. He is the author of our eternal agreement. He is the author of our eternal understanding. He is the author of our eternal wisdom. He is the author of our eternal knowledge. He is the author of our eternal power. He is the author of our eternal glory. He is the author of our eternal honor. He is the author of our eternal praise. He is the author of our eternal worship. He is the author of our eternal adoration. He is the author of our eternal reverence. He is the author of our eternal respect. He is the author of our eternal esteem. He is the author of our eternal regard. He is the author of our eternal attention. He is the author of our eternal care. He is the author of our eternal concern. He is the author of our eternal solicitude. He is the author of our eternal anxiety. He is the author of our eternal distress. He is the author of our eternal sorrow. He is the author of our eternal grief. He is the author of our eternal lamentation. He is the author of our eternal mourning. He is the author of our eternal weeping. He is the author of our eternal crying. He is the author of our eternal shouting. He is the author of our eternal singing. He is the author of our eternal dancing. He is the author of our eternal playing. He is the author of our eternal merriment. He is the author of our eternal joy. He is the author of our eternal happiness. He is the author of our eternal peace. He is the author of our eternal love. He is the author of our eternal friendship. He is the author of our eternal communion. He is the author of our eternal fellowship. He is the author of our eternal unity. He is the author of our eternal harmony. He is the author of our eternal concord. He is the author of our eternal agreement. He is the author of our eternal understanding. He is the author of our eternal wisdom. He is the author of our eternal knowledge. He is the author of our eternal power. He is the author of our eternal glory. He is the author of our eternal honor. He is the author of our eternal praise. He is the author of our eternal worship. He is the author of our eternal adoration. He is the author of our eternal reverence. He is the author of our eternal respect. He is the author of our eternal esteem. He is the author of our eternal regard. He is the author of our eternal attention. He is the author of our eternal care. He is the author of our eternal concern. He is the author of our eternal solicitude. He is the author of our eternal anxiety. He is the author of our eternal distress. He is the author of our eternal sorrow. He is the author of our eternal grief. He is the author of our eternal lamentation. He is the author of our eternal mourning. He is the author of our eternal weeping. He is the author of our eternal crying. He is the author of our eternal shouting. He is the author of our eternal singing. He is the author of our eternal dancing. He is the author of our eternal playing. He is the author of our eternal merriment. He is the author of our eternal joy. He is the author of our eternal happiness. He is the author of our eternal peace. He is the author of our eternal love. He is the author of our eternal friendship. He is the author of our eternal communion. He is the author of our eternal fellowship. He is the author of our eternal unity. He is the author of our eternal harmony. He is the author of our eternal concord. He is the author of our eternal agreement. He is the author of our eternal understanding. He is the author of our eternal wisdom. He is the author of our eternal knowledge. He is the author of our eternal power. He is the author of our eternal glory. He is the author of our eternal honor. He is the author of our eternal praise. He is the author of our eternal worship. He is the author of our eternal adoration. He is the author of our eternal reverence. He is the author of our eternal respect. He is the author of our eternal esteem. He is the author of our eternal regard. He is the author of our eternal attention. He is the author of our eternal care. He is the author of our eternal concern. He is the author of our eternal solicitude. He is the author of our eternal anxiety. He is the author of our eternal distress. He is the author of our eternal sorrow. He is the author of our eternal grief. He is the author of our eternal lamentation. He is the author of our eternal mourning. He is the author of our eternal weeping. He is the author of our eternal crying. He is the author of our eternal shouting. He is the author of our eternal singing. He is the author of our eternal dancing. He is the author of our eternal playing. He is the author of our eternal merriment. He is the author of our eternal joy. He is the author of our eternal happiness. He is the author of our eternal peace. He is the author of our eternal love. He is the author of our eternal friendship. He is the author of our eternal communion. He is the author of our eternal fellowship. He is the author of our eternal unity. He is the author of our eternal harmony. He is the author of our eternal concord. He is the author of our eternal agreement. He is the author of our eternal understanding. He is the author of our eternal wisdom. He is the author of our eternal knowledge. He is the author of our eternal power. He is the author of our eternal glory. He is the author of our eternal honor. He is the author of our eternal praise. He is the author of our eternal worship. He is the author of our eternal adoration. He is the author of our eternal reverence. He is the author of our eternal respect. He is the author of our eternal esteem. He is the author of our eternal regard. He is the author of our eternal attention. He is the author of our eternal care. He is the author of our eternal concern. He is the author of our eternal solicitude. He is the author of our eternal anxiety. He is the author of our eternal distress. He is the author of our eternal sorrow. He is the author of our eternal grief. He is the author of our eternal lamentation. He is the author of our eternal mourning. He is the author of our eternal weeping. He is the author of our eternal crying. He is the author of our eternal shouting. He is the author of our eternal singing. He is the author of our eternal dancing. He is the author of our eternal playing. He is the author of our eternal merriment. He is the author of our eternal joy. He is the author of our eternal happiness. He is the author of our eternal peace. He is the author of our eternal love. He is the author of our eternal friendship. He is the author of our eternal communion. He is the author of our eternal fellowship. He is the author of our eternal unity. He is the author of our eternal harmony. He is the author of our eternal concord. He is the author of our eternal agreement. He is the author of our eternal understanding. He is the author of our eternal wisdom. He is the author of our eternal knowledge. He is the author of our eternal power. He is the author of our eternal glory. He is the author of our eternal honor. He is the author of our eternal praise. He is the author of our eternal worship. He is the author of our eternal adoration. He is the author of our eternal reverence. He is the author of our eternal respect. He is the author of our eternal esteem. He is the author of our eternal regard. He is the author of our eternal attention. He is the author of our eternal care. He is the author of our eternal concern. He is the author of our eternal solicitude. He is the author of our eternal anxiety. He is the author of our eternal distress. He is the author of our eternal sorrow. He is the author of our eternal grief. He is the author of our eternal lamentation. He is the author of our eternal mourning. He is the author of our eternal weeping. He is the author of our eternal crying. He is the author of our eternal shouting. He is the author of our eternal singing. He is the author of our eternal dancing. He is the author of our eternal playing. He is the author of our eternal merriment. He is the author of our eternal joy. He is the author of our eternal happiness. He is the author of our eternal peace. He is the author of our eternal love. He is the author of our eternal friendship. He is the author of our eternal communion. He is the author of our eternal fellowship. He is the author of our eternal unity. He is the author of our eternal harmony. He is the author of our eternal concord. He is the author of our eternal agreement. He is the author of our eternal understanding. He is the author of our eternal wisdom. He is the author of our eternal knowledge. He is the author of our eternal power. He is the author of our eternal glory. He is the author of our eternal honor. He is the author of our eternal praise. He is the author of our eternal worship. He is the author of our eternal adoration. He is the author of our eternal reverence. He is the author of our eternal respect. He is the author of our eternal esteem. He is the author of our eternal regard. He is the author of our eternal attention. He is the author of our eternal care. He is the author of our eternal concern. He is the author of our eternal solicitude. He is the author of our eternal anxiety. He is the author of our eternal distress. He is the author of our eternal sorrow. He is the author of our eternal grief. He is the author of our eternal lamentation. He is the author of our eternal mourning. He is the author of our eternal weeping. He is the author of our eternal crying. He is the author of our eternal shouting. He is the author of our eternal singing. He is the author of our eternal dancing. He is the author of our eternal playing. He is the author of our eternal merriment. He is the author of our eternal joy. He is the author of our eternal happiness. He is the author of our eternal peace. He is the author of our eternal love. He is the author of our eternal friendship. He is the author of our eternal communion. He is the author of our eternal fellowship. He is the author of our eternal unity. He is the author of our eternal harmony. He is the author of our eternal concord. He is the author of our eternal agreement. He is the author of our eternal understanding. He is the author of our eternal wisdom. He is the author of our eternal knowledge. He is the author of our eternal power. He is the author of our eternal glory. He is the author of our eternal honor. He is the author of our eternal praise. He is the author of our eternal worship. He is the author of our eternal adoration. He is the author of our eternal reverence. He is the author of our eternal respect. He is the author of our eternal esteem. He is the author of our eternal regard. He is the author of our eternal attention. He is the author of our eternal care. He is the author of our eternal concern. He is the author of our eternal solicitude. He is the author of our eternal anxiety. He is the author of our eternal distress. He is the author of our eternal sorrow. He is the author of our eternal grief. He is the author of our eternal lamentation. He is the author of our eternal mourning. He is the author of our eternal weeping. He is the author of our eternal crying. He is the author of our eternal shouting. He is the author of our eternal singing. He is the author of our eternal dancing. He is the author of our eternal playing. He is the author of our eternal merriment. He is the author of our eternal joy. He is the author of our eternal happiness. He is the author of our eternal peace. He is the author of our eternal love. He is the author of our eternal friendship. He is the author of our eternal communion. He is the author of our eternal fellowship. He is the author of our eternal unity. He is the author of our eternal harmony. He is the author of our eternal concord. He is the author of our eternal agreement. He is the author of our eternal understanding. He is the author of our eternal wisdom. He is the author of our eternal knowledge. He is the author of our eternal power. He is the author of our eternal glory. He is the author of our eternal honor. He is the author of our eternal praise. He is the author of our eternal worship. He is the author of our eternal adoration. He is the author of our eternal reverence. He is the author of our eternal respect. He is the author of our eternal esteem. He is the author of our eternal regard. He is the author of our eternal attention. He is the author of our eternal care. He is the author of our eternal concern. He is the author of our eternal solicitude. He is the author of our eternal anxiety. He is the author of our eternal distress. He is the author of our eternal sorrow. He is the author of our eternal grief. He is the author of our eternal lamentation. He is the author of our eternal mourning. He is the author of our eternal weeping. He is the author of our eternal crying. He is the author of our eternal shouting. He is the author of our eternal singing. He is the author of our eternal dancing. He is the author of our eternal playing. He is the author of our eternal merriment. He is the author of our eternal joy. He is the author of our eternal happiness. He is the author of our eternal peace. He is the author of our eternal love. He is the author of our eternal friendship. He is the author of our eternal communion. He is the author of our eternal fellowship. He is the author of our eternal unity. He is the author of our eternal harmony. He is the author of our eternal concord. He is the author of our eternal agreement. He is the author of our eternal understanding. He is the author of our eternal wisdom. He is the author of our eternal knowledge. He is the author of our eternal power. He is the author of our eternal glory. He is the author of our eternal honor. He is the author of our eternal praise. He is the author of our eternal worship. He is the author of our eternal adoration. He is the author of our eternal reverence. He is the author of our eternal respect. He is the author of our eternal esteem. He is the author of our eternal regard. He is the author of our eternal attention. He is the author of our eternal care. He is the author of our eternal concern. He is the author of our eternal solicitude. He is the author of our eternal anxiety. He is the author of our eternal distress. He is the author of our eternal sorrow. He is the author of our eternal grief. He is the author of our eternal lamentation. He is the author of our eternal mourning. He is the author of our eternal weeping. He is the author of our eternal crying. He is the author of our eternal shouting. He is the author of our eternal singing. He is the author of our eternal dancing. He is the author of our eternal playing. He is the author of our eternal merriment. He is the author of our eternal joy. He is the author of our eternal happiness. He is the author of our eternal peace. He is the author of our eternal love. He is the author of our eternal friendship. He is the author of our eternal communion. He is the author of our eternal fellowship. He is the author of our eternal unity. He is the author of our eternal harmony. He is the author of our eternal concord. He is the author of our eternal agreement. He is the author of our eternal understanding. He is the author of our eternal wisdom. He is the author of our eternal knowledge. He is the author of our eternal power. He is the author of our eternal glory. He is the author of our eternal honor. He is the author of our eternal praise. He is the author of our eternal worship. He is the author of our eternal adoration. He is the author of our eternal reverence. He is the author of our eternal respect. He is the author of our eternal esteem. He is the author of our eternal regard. He is the author of our eternal attention. He is the author of our eternal care. He is the author of our eternal concern. He is the author of our eternal solicitude. He is the author of our eternal anxiety. He is the author of our eternal distress. He is the author of our eternal sorrow. He is the author of our eternal grief. He is the author of our eternal lamentation. He is the author of our eternal mourning. He is the author of our eternal weeping. He is the author of our eternal crying. He is the author of our eternal shouting. He is the author of our eternal singing. He is the author of our eternal dancing. He is the author of our eternal playing. He is the author of our eternal merriment. He is the author of our eternal joy. He is the author of our eternal happiness. He is the author of our eternal peace. He is the author of our eternal love. He is the author of our eternal friendship. He is the author of our eternal communion. He is the author of our eternal fellowship. He is the author of our eternal unity. He is the author of our eternal harmony. He is the author of our eternal concord. He is the author of our eternal agreement. He is the author of our eternal understanding. He is the author of our eternal wisdom. He is the author of our eternal knowledge. He is the author of our eternal power. He is the author of our eternal glory. He is the author of our eternal honor. He is the author of our eternal praise. He is the author of our eternal worship. He is the author of our eternal adoration. He is the author of our eternal reverence. He is the author of our eternal respect. He is the author of our eternal esteem. He is the author of our eternal regard. He is the author of our eternal attention. He is the author of our eternal care. He is the author of our eternal concern. He is the author of our eternal solicitude. He is the author of our eternal anxiety. He is the author of our eternal distress. He is the author of our eternal sorrow. He is the author of our eternal grief. He is the author of our eternal lamentation. He is the author of our eternal mourning. He is the author of our eternal weeping. He is the author of our eternal crying. He is the author of our eternal shouting. He is the author of our eternal singing. He is the author of our eternal dancing. He is the author of our eternal playing. He is the author of our eternal merriment. He is the author of our eternal joy. He is the author of our eternal happiness. He is the author of our eternal peace. He is the author of our eternal love. He is the author of our eternal friendship. He is the author of our eternal communion. He is the author of our eternal fellowship. He is the author of our eternal unity. He is the author of our eternal harmony. He is the author of our eternal concord. He is the author of our eternal agreement. He is the author of our eternal understanding. He is the author of our eternal wisdom. He is the author of our eternal knowledge. He is the author of our eternal power. He is the author of our eternal glory. He is the author of our eternal honor. He is the author of our eternal praise. He is the author of our eternal worship. He is the author of our eternal adoration. He is the author of our eternal reverence. He is the author of our eternal respect. He is the author of our eternal esteem. He is the author of our eternal regard. He is the author of our eternal attention. He is the author of our eternal care. He is the author of our eternal concern. He is the author of our eternal solicitude. He is the author of our eternal anxiety. He is the author of our eternal distress. He is the author of our eternal sorrow. He is the author of our eternal grief. He is the author of our eternal lamentation. He is the author of our eternal mourning. He is the author of our eternal weeping. He is the author of our eternal crying. He is the author of our eternal shouting. He is the author of our eternal singing. He is the author of our eternal dancing. He is the author of our eternal playing. He is the author of our eternal merriment. He is the author of our eternal joy. He is the author of our eternal happiness. He is the author of our eternal peace. He is the author of our eternal love. He is the author of our eternal friendship. He is the author of our eternal communion. He is the author of our eternal fellowship. He is the author of our eternal unity. He is the author of our eternal harmony. He is the author of our eternal concord. He is the author of our eternal agreement. He is the author of our eternal understanding. He is the author of our eternal wisdom. He is the author of our eternal knowledge. He is the author of our eternal power. He is the author of our eternal glory. He is the author of our eternal honor. He is the author of our eternal praise. He is the author of our eternal worship. He is the author of our eternal adoration. He is the author of our eternal reverence. He is the author of our eternal respect. He is the author of our eternal esteem. He is the author of our eternal regard. He is the author of our eternal attention. He is the author of our eternal care. He is the author of our eternal concern. He is the author of our eternal solicitude. He is the author of our eternal anxiety. He is the author of our eternal distress. He is the author of our eternal sorrow. He is the author of our eternal grief. He is the author of our eternal lamentation. He is the author of our eternal mourning. He is the author of our eternal weeping. He is the author of our eternal crying. He is the author of our eternal shouting. He is the author of our eternal singing. He is the author of our eternal dancing. He is the author of our eternal playing. He is the author of our eternal merriment. He is the author of our eternal joy. He is the author of our eternal happiness. He is the author of our eternal peace. He is the author of our eternal love. He is the author of our eternal friendship. He is the author of our eternal communion. He is the author of our eternal fellowship. He is the author of our eternal unity. He is the author of our eternal harmony. He is the author of our eternal concord. He is the author of our eternal agreement. He is the author of our eternal understanding. He is the author of our eternal wisdom. He is the author of our eternal knowledge. He is the author of our eternal power. He is the author of our eternal glory. He is the author of our eternal honor. He is the author of our eternal praise. He is the author of our eternal worship. He is the author of our eternal adoration. He is the author of our eternal reverence. He is the author of our eternal respect. He is the author of our eternal esteem. He is the author of our eternal regard. He is the author of our eternal attention. He is the author of our eternal care. He is the author of our eternal concern. He is the author of our eternal solicitude. He is the author of our eternal anxiety. He is the author of our eternal distress. He is the author of our eternal sorrow. He is the author of our eternal grief. He is the author of our eternal lamentation. He is the author of our eternal mourning. He is the author of our eternal weeping. He is the author of our eternal crying. He is the author of our eternal shouting. He is the author of our eternal singing. He is the author of our eternal dancing. He is the author of our eternal playing. He is the author of our eternal merriment. He is the author of our eternal joy. He is the author of our eternal happiness. He is the author of our eternal peace. He is the author of our eternal love. He is the author of our eternal friendship. He is the author of our eternal communion. He is the author of our eternal fellowship. He is the author of our eternal unity. He is the author of our eternal harmony. He is the author of our eternal concord. He is the author of our eternal agreement. He is the author of our eternal understanding. He is the author of our eternal wisdom. He is the author of our eternal knowledge. He is the author of our eternal power. He is the author of our eternal glory. He is the author of our eternal honor. He is the author of our eternal praise. He is the author of our eternal worship. He is the author of our eternal adoration. He is the author of our eternal reverence. He is the author of our eternal respect. He is the author of our eternal esteem. He is the author of our eternal regard. He is the author of our eternal attention. He is the author of our eternal care. He is the author of our eternal concern. He is the author of our eternal solicitude. He is the author of our eternal anxiety. He is the author of our eternal distress. He is the author of our eternal sorrow. He is the author of our eternal grief. He is the author of our eternal lamentation. He is the author of our eternal mourning. He is the author of our eternal weeping. He is the author of our eternal crying. He is the author of our eternal shouting. He is the author of our eternal singing. He is the author of our eternal dancing. He is the author of our eternal playing. He is the author of our eternal merriment. He is the author of our eternal joy. He is the author of our eternal happiness. He is the author of our eternal peace. He is the author of our eternal love. He is the author of our eternal friendship. He is the author of our eternal communion. He is the author of our eternal fellowship. He is the author of our eternal unity. He is the author of our eternal harmony. He is the author of our eternal concord. He is the author of our eternal agreement. He is the author of our eternal understanding. He is the author of our eternal wisdom. He is the author of our eternal knowledge. He is the author of our eternal power. He is the author of our eternal glory. He is the author of our eternal honor. He is the author of our eternal praise. He is the author of our eternal worship. He is the author of our eternal adoration. He is the author of our eternal reverence. He is the author of our eternal respect. He is the author of our eternal esteem. He is the author of our eternal regard. He is the author of our eternal attention. He is the author of our eternal care. He is the author of our eternal concern. He is the author of our eternal solicitude. He is the author of our eternal anxiety. He is the author of our eternal distress. He is the author of our eternal sorrow. He is the author of our eternal grief. He is the author of our eternal lamentation. He is the author of our eternal mourning. He is the author of our eternal weeping. He is the author of our eternal crying. He is the author of our eternal shouting. He is the author of our eternal singing. He is the author of our eternal dancing. He is the author of our eternal playing. He is the author of our eternal merriment. He is the author of our eternal joy. He is the author of our eternal happiness. He is the author of our eternal peace. He is the author of our eternal love. He is the author of our eternal friendship. He is the author of our eternal communion. He is the author of our eternal fellowship. He is the author of our eternal unity. He is the author of our eternal harmony. He is the author of our eternal concord. He is the author of our eternal agreement. He is the author of our eternal understanding. He is the author of our eternal wisdom. He is the author of our eternal knowledge. He is the author of our eternal power. He is the author of our eternal glory. He is the author of our eternal honor. He is the author of our eternal praise. He is the author of our eternal worship. He is the author of our eternal adoration. He is the author of our eternal reverence. He is the author of our eternal respect. He is the author of our eternal esteem. He is the author of our eternal regard. He is the author of our eternal attention. He is the author of our eternal care. He is the author of our eternal concern. He is the author of our eternal solicitude. He is the author of our eternal anxiety. He is the author of our eternal distress. He is the author of our eternal sorrow. He is the author of our eternal grief. He is the author of our eternal lamentation. He is the author of our eternal mourning. He is the author of our eternal weeping. He is the author of our eternal crying. He is the author of our eternal shouting. He is the author of our eternal singing. He is the author of our eternal dancing. He is the author of our eternal playing. He is the author of our eternal merriment. He is the author of our eternal joy. He is the author of our eternal happiness. He is the author of our eternal peace. He is the author of our eternal love. He is the author of our eternal friendship. He is the author of our eternal communion. He is the author of our eternal fellowship. He is the author of our eternal unity. He is the author of our eternal harmony. He is the author of our eternal concord. He is the author of our eternal agreement. He is the author of our eternal understanding. He is the author of our eternal wisdom. He is the author of our eternal knowledge. He is the author of our eternal power. He is the author of our eternal glory. He is the author of our eternal honor. He is the author of our eternal praise. He is the author of our eternal worship. He is the author of our eternal adoration. He is the author of our eternal reverence. He is the author of our eternal respect. He is the author of our eternal esteem. He is the author of our eternal regard. He is the author of our eternal attention. He is the author of our eternal care. He is the author of our eternal concern. He is the author of our eternal solicitude. He is the author of our eternal anxiety. He is the author of our eternal distress. He is the author of our eternal sorrow. He is the author of our eternal grief. He is the author of our eternal lamentation. He is the author of our eternal mourning. He is the author of our eternal weeping. He is the author of our eternal crying. He is the author of our eternal shouting. He is the author of our eternal singing. He is the author of our eternal dancing. He is the author of our eternal playing. He is the author of our eternal merriment. He is the author of our eternal joy. He is the author of our eternal happiness. He is the author of our eternal peace. He is the author of our eternal love. He is the author of our eternal friendship. He is the author of our eternal communion. He is the author of our eternal fellowship. He is the author of our eternal unity. He is the author of our eternal harmony. He is the author of our eternal concord. He is the